THE SONGS IN PHAETON: OR, The Fatal Divorce.

Sett to Muſick by Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

WITH
An Addition of ſome SONGS in the laſt New Play.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Heptinſtall*, for *Samuel Scott* at the *Middle-Temple-Gate, Fleet-ſtreet*: where may be had *Melotheſia*, or, certain general Rules to play a continued Baſs upon the *Organ Harpſicord*, or, *Spinnet*. The Second Edition. 1698.

THE

SONGS

Symphony for VIOLINS or FLUTES.

Sung by Mr. *Freeman.*

COme, come all ye Shepherds, come, come, come all a—way; Come,

come all ye Shepherds, come, come, come all a—way; for-get all your cares, your fears and di—

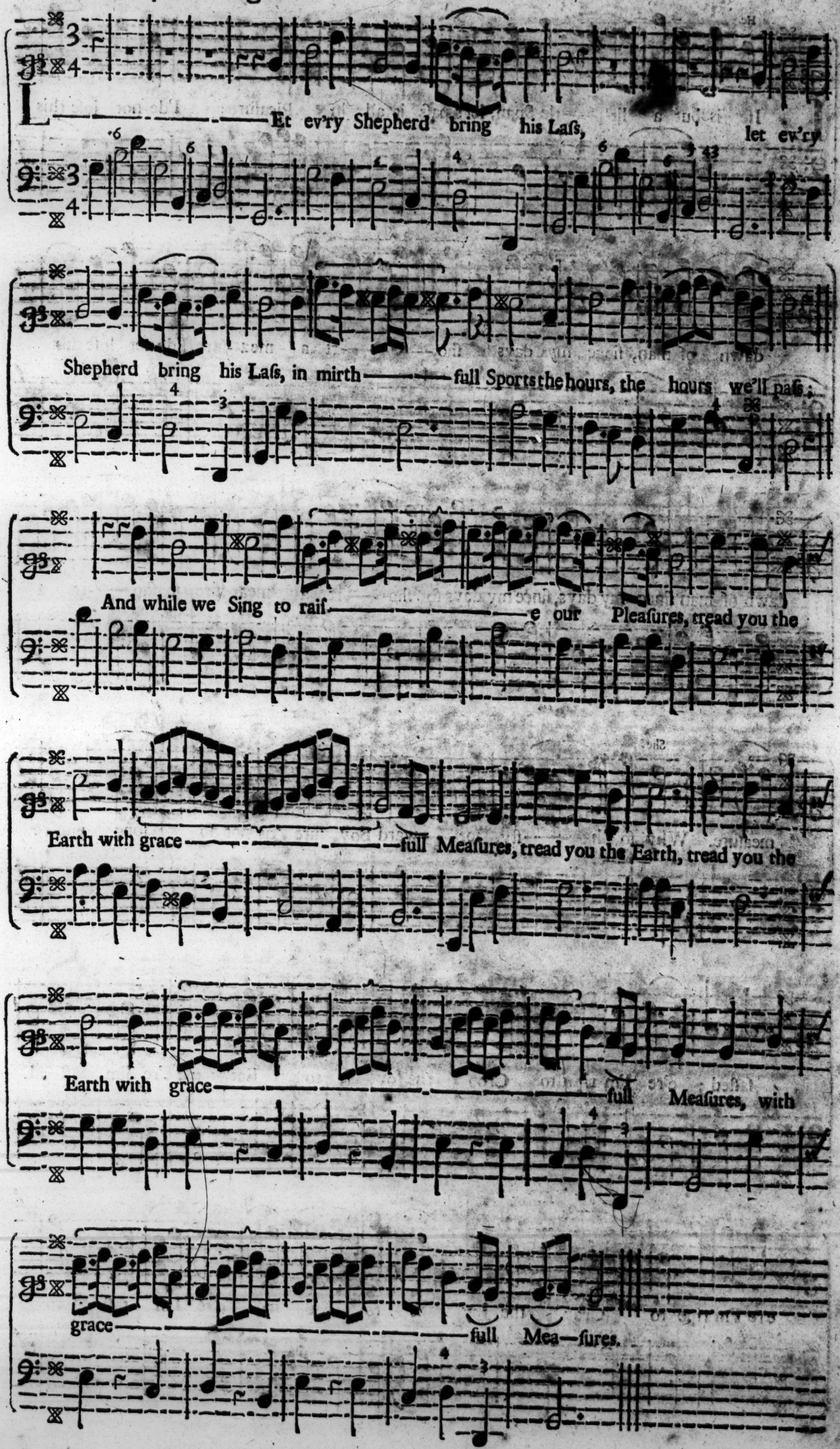
—ſpairs, for 'tis the Lovers, 'tis the Lovers ho—ly—day; forget all your cares, your fears

and diſpairs, for 'tis the Lovers, 'tis the Lo

—vers ho—ly-day, 'tis the Lo-vers, 'tis the Lo

—vers ho—ly—day.

Sung by Mr. *Magnus.*



A Dialogue between Young *Bowin*, and Mrs. *Camphion*.

He.

Life is but a lit——tle Span, let's paſs it all in Pleaſure; I'de not loſe this

dawn of man, ſince my days ſo ſho———rt a mea--ſure, I'de not loſe this

dawn of man ſince my days, ſince my days ſo ſho——rt a mea--ſure, ſo ſho——rt a

She:

meaſure. Why ſo ha——ſty, for——ward Boy, ſure 'tis not ſo long you've

faſted; e're I'm ripe to Crop the Joy, is to Eat me e're I'm taſt--ed,

e're I'm ripe to Crop the Joy, is to Eat me e're I'm taſt--ed to

He.

Eat me e're I'm taſt—ed. Why this Coyneſs, why this Courting to the Joy you

muſt approve; Nature made you all for Spor———

———ting, Nature made you all for Love; Nature made you all for Spor———

———ting, Nature made you

all for Love; Nature made you all for Spor———

———ting, made you all, all, all for Love, made you all, all, all for Love,

CHORUS.

She.

Oh fie, fie, fie, fie; Oh fie, fie, fie, fie,

You muſt com—ply, you

I muſt de——ny, no, no, no, not I,

muſt com-ply, you will com-ply, you

no, no, no not I, I vow not I,

will comply, good faith I'le cry, in

I vow not I, I vow not I, I vow, I vow not

——deed you lye, in——deed you lye, in—— deed, in-—deed you

I, I vow not I, I vow not I, I vow, I vow not I, I

lye, in—deed you lye, in—deed, in—deed you lye, in—

vow, I vow not I.

—deed, in deed you lye.

Two *VIOLINS.*

Mr. *Pate.*

2nd Shepherd

pri---thee ceaſe to woe her, Fond Shepherd pri—thee ceaſe to

woe her, She fly——————————————————es the more, the

more that you per-—ſue her,

She fly——————————————————es the more, the

more that you pur——ſue her.

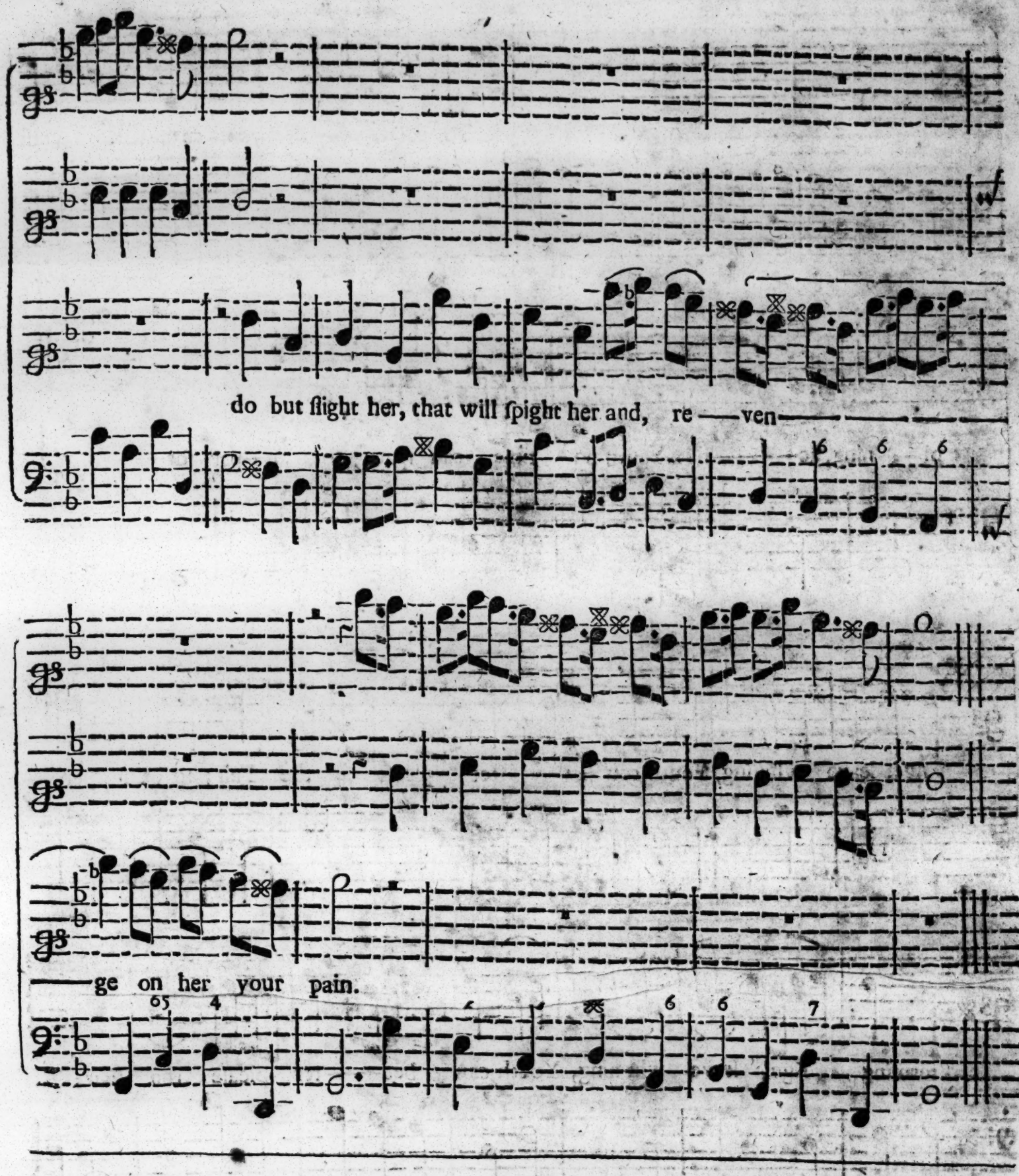
All your whining, and your pi——ning will but make her

proud and vain, do but ſlight her, that will ſpight her, and re--ven——ge on her your

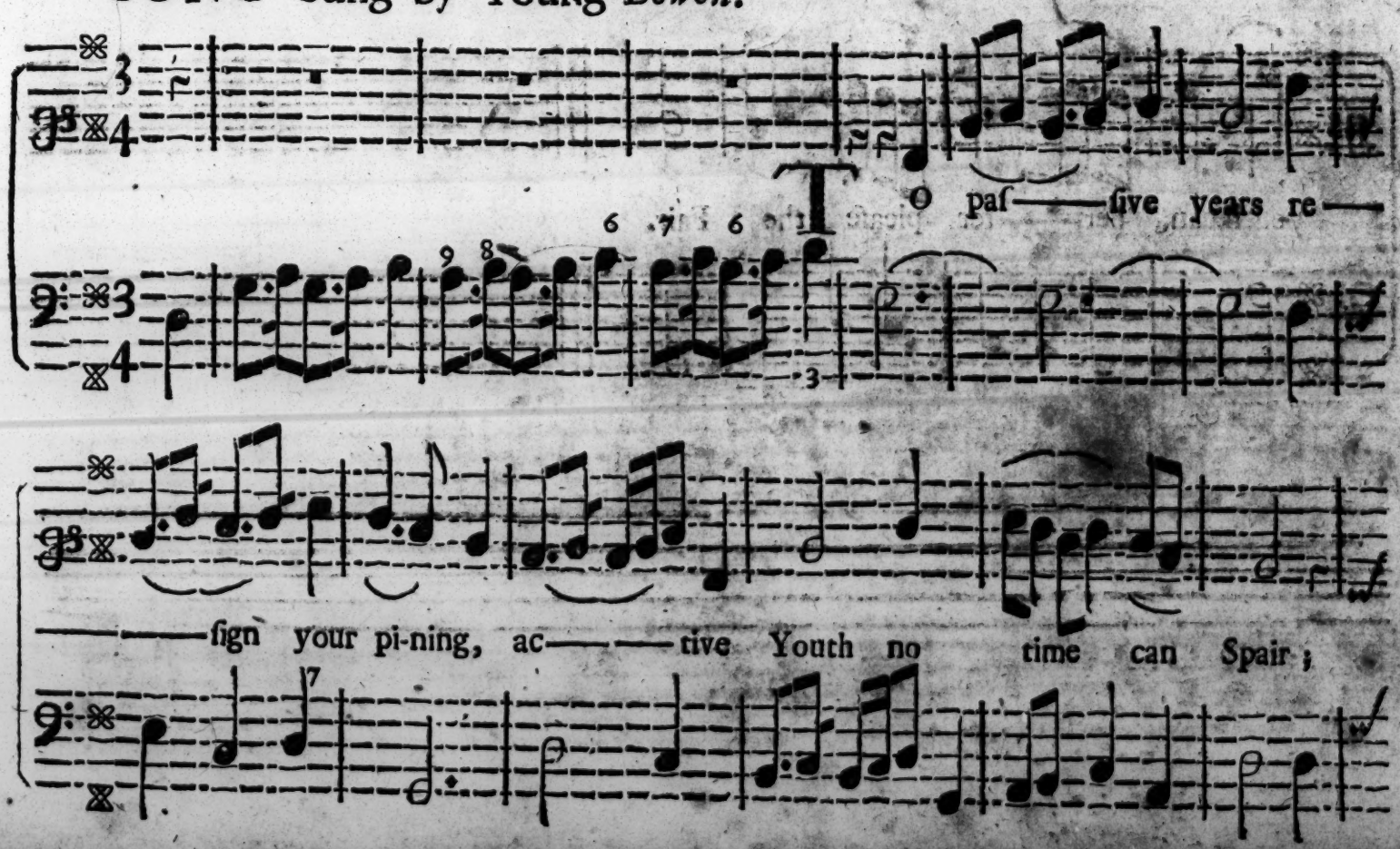
pain;

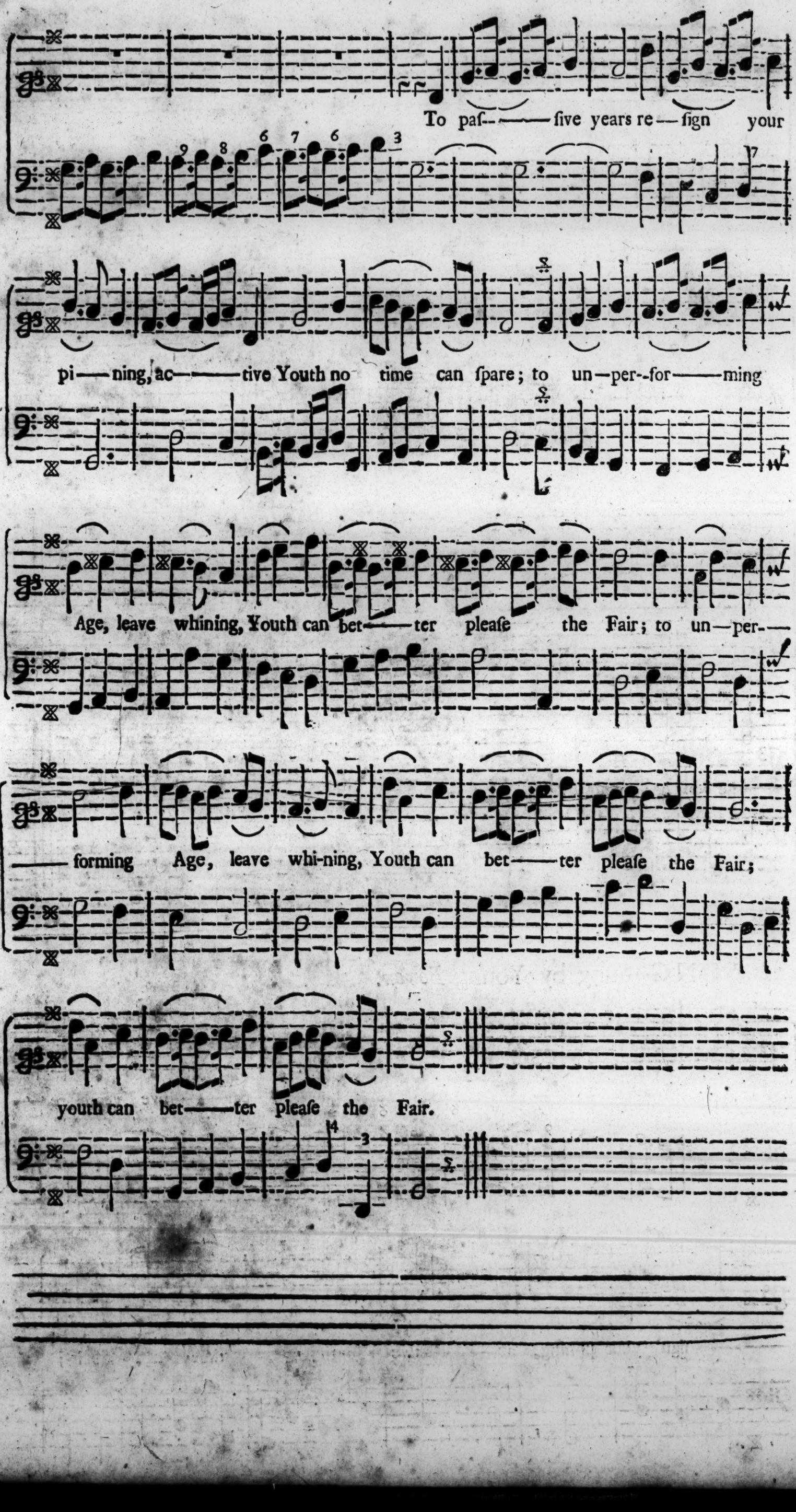
do but ſlight her, that will ſpight her, and re——

——ven——ge on her your pain;



SONG Sung by Young *Bowen*:




To paſ-- ——— ſive years re — ſign your
pi — ning, ac ——— tive Youth no time can ſpare; to un — per--for ——— ming
Age, leave whining, Youth can bet ——— ter pleaſe the Fair; to un — per- —
——— forming Age, leave whi-ning, Youth can bet ——— ter pleaſe the Fair;
youth can bet ——— ter pleaſe the Fair.

SONG in the *Campaigners.* Sett by Mr. *D. Purcell.*

Lo—ris for once take my ad—vice, no more be

Co——————y and vain; I thank my Stars I can de—ſpiſe what I de—

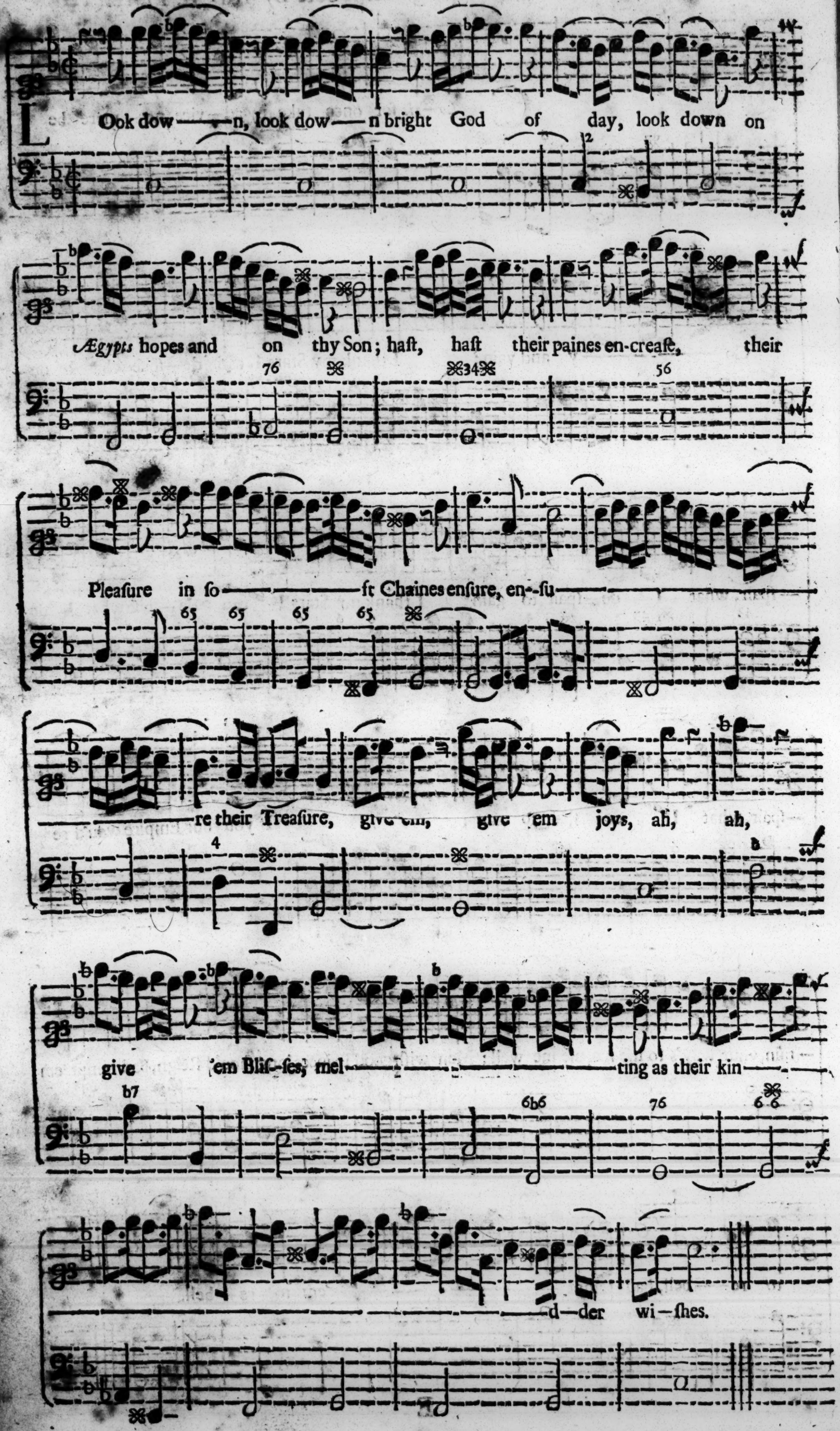
—ſpair, what I de—ſpair to gain; I thank my Stars I can de—ſpiſe what I de—

—ſpair, what I de—ſpair to gain. If you your Empire wou'd re—

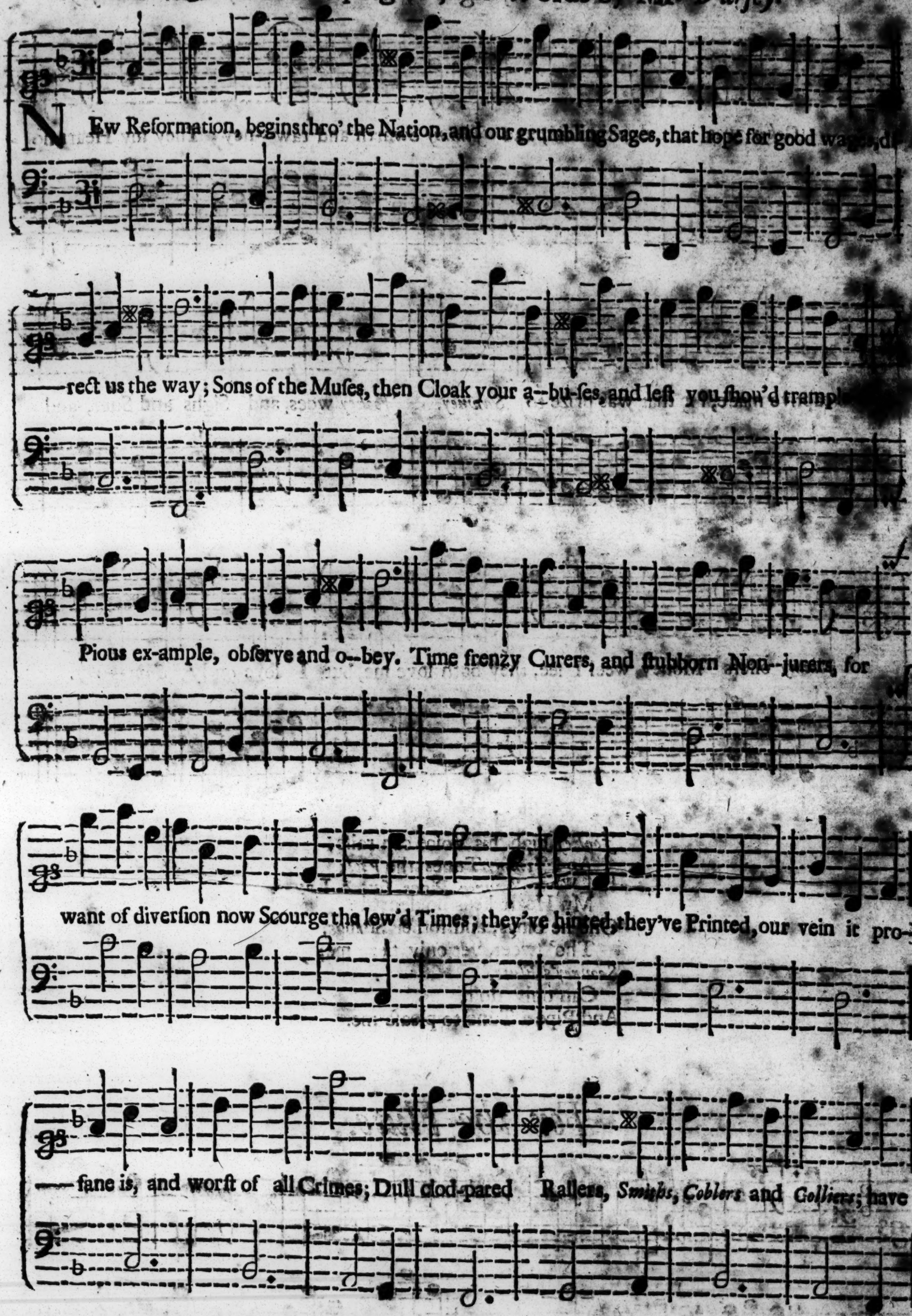
—tain, your way's to uſe me, uſe me well; Men wiſh good Princes long ſhou'd Reign, bad tempt 'em

to re—bell, bad tempt——————'em to re—bell.

SONG in the 5th. Act. Sung by Mr. *Pate*.


Look dow——n, look dow——n bright God of day, look down on
Ægypts hopes and on thy Son; haſt, haſt their paines en-creaſe, their
Pleaſure in ſo——ft Chaines enſure, en-ſu——re their Treaſure, give 'em, give 'em joys, ah, ah,
give 'em Bliſ-ſes, mel——ting as their kin——d—der wi—ſhes.

A Song in the *Campaigners*, the Words by Mr. *D'urfey*.



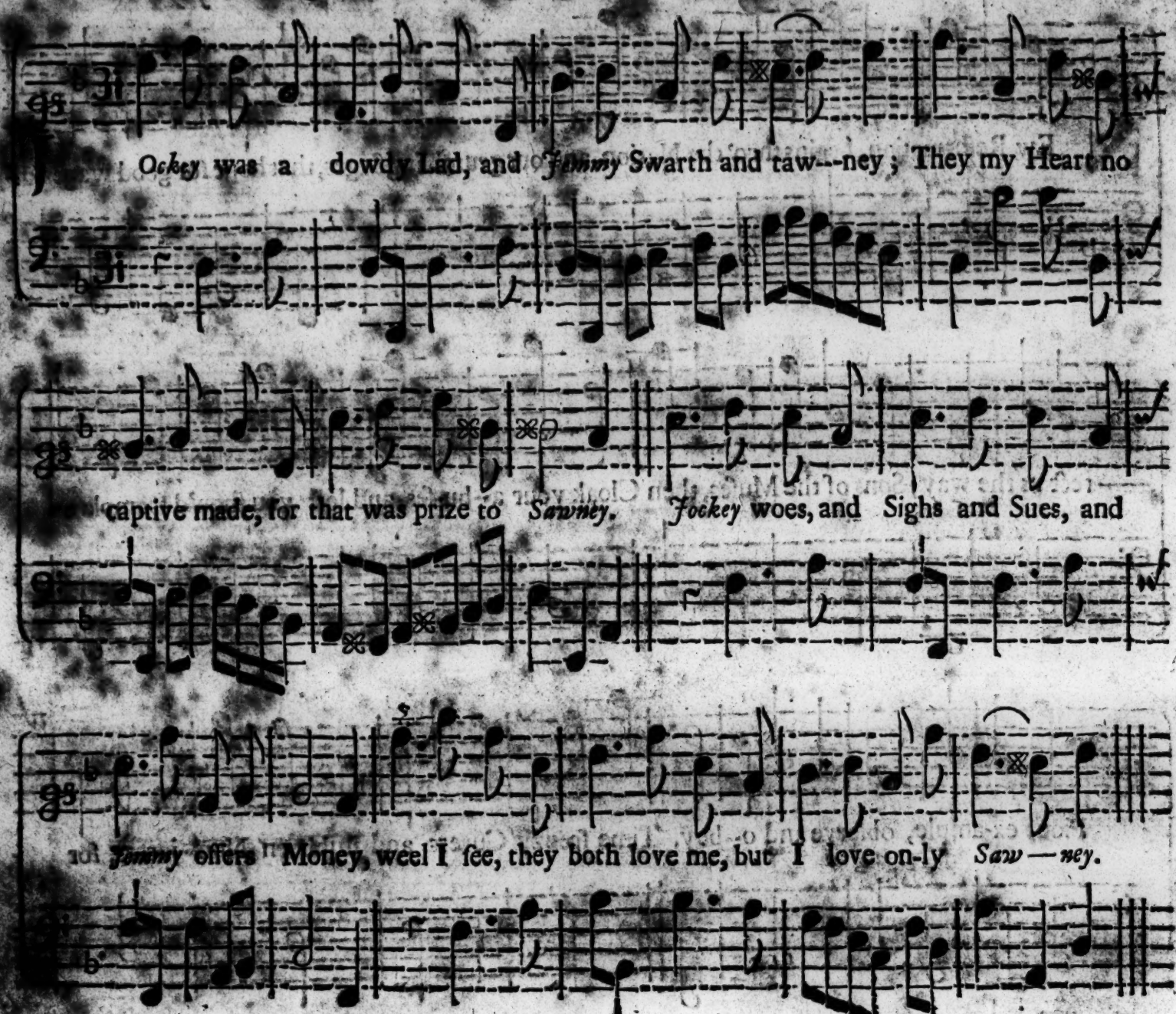
III.

Under the Notion,
Of Zeal for Devotion;
The humour has fir'd 'em
Or rather inſpir'd 'em
To Tutor the Age:
But if in Seaſon,
You'd know the true reaſon,
The hopes of Preferment,
Is what makes the Vermin
Now rail at the Stage.

IV.

Cuckolds and Canters,
With Scruples and Banters;
The Old Forty-one Peal,
Againſt Poetry Ring:
But let State-Revolvers,
And Treaſon Abſolvers,
Excuſe if I Sing,
The Rebel that Chuſes,
To cry down the Muſes,
Wou'd cry down the King.

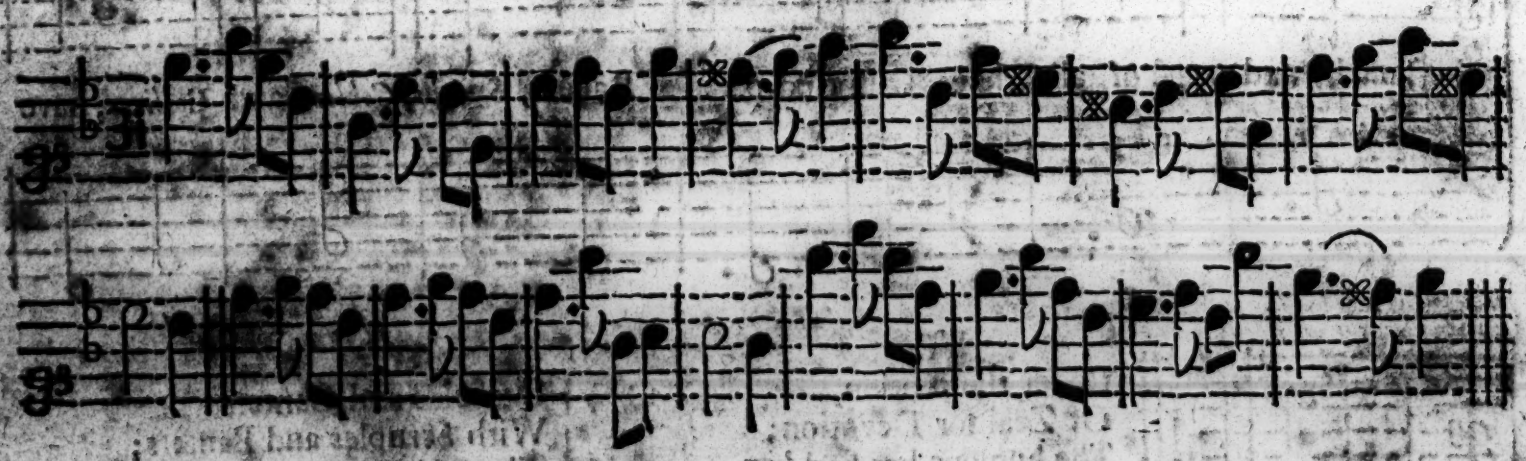
A *Scotch* Song in the *Campaigners*, the Words by Mr. *D'urfey*.



II.

Jockey high his Voice can raise,
And *Jemmy* Tunes the *Viol*;
But when *Sawney* Pipes sweet Layes,
My Heart kens no denyal:
One he Sings, and tother Strings,
Tho' sweet, yet only tieze me;
Sawney's Flute,
Can only do't,
And Pipe a Tune to please me.

For the Flute.



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